

OXFORD OBSERVER.

"LOVE ALL, DO WRONG TO NONE, BE CHECK'D FOR SILENCE BUT NEVER TAX'D FOR SPEECH."—SHAKESPEARE.

VOL. I.

PARIS, (ME.).....THURSDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 25, 1824.

NO. 21.

DESULTORIOUS.

FROM BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.
THE SUICIDE.

Basta.—I'll think no more about it. I have closed the account, and bring myself in debtor to death. All that remains to be considered is how I am to do the business. I have been reading all the suicides I could gather, during the last week, and I do not find one exactly conformable to my ideas on the subject.

Shall I blow my brains out? It is well my uncle Nicholas is not present, for the old rogue used always to say that I had none; but he was never a calumniator. No I shall not blow my brains out, even supposing I have any. It is a dirty way: a man's collar is quite deranged, and his shirt most disagreeably stained with batter and blood. Then you are quite a disgusting-looking devil, actually a bore to a sensitive coroner and a sympathetic court of pie powder. Besides after all, you are not sure. Robespierre, for instance, as we all know, disfigured himself awfully, and yet lived long enough to gratify the kind people of Paris with a guillotine exhibition, *à fresco*, at his expense. If you miss, the cursed report of the pistol calls up the household, and you are restrained by their civil interference from committing the "rash act;" and in any case, you fill the room with a filthy smoke, smelling most diabolically of sulphur. There is not a cookmaid in my kitchen, but would say, "Ay, ay, poor master was wanted sure enough—the old 'un was looking for him. When he called, he could not help coming, poor gentleman! there was a smell of brimstone, my dear, in the room that would knock down a horse." On which coachman would remark, "No doubt on't Molly; he has gone bang, four-in-hand, to where he will get enough of that 'ere commodity."

It is then a ruled point that I shall not blow my brains out.—Cut my throat? No, bad notion. Yet stop awhile. Does not the objection of bedaubing myself hold here also? O surely, and in a tenfold degree; you must, besides, give yourself the trouble of taking off your cravat; and you may miss there too. I have known people to slit the weasand, and yet have the wound cobbled up by some tail ring surgeon, and live as the newspapers have it, respectable members of society. I never could hit the carotid, for I do not know where it is; and if I did, there would be some cit lying perdu with his jest, ready to call me. "Carotid-artery cutting so-and-so." I am moreover, of opinion that it must hurt a man sadly to cut his throat. I remember once upon a time how a barber cut me into the bone while shaving me and I was so stung with pain that I knocked him down. Should not I then be a jackass of the first ear to hurt myself ten times worse than the knight of the pole? Just think of a jagged razor going through your windpipe. The mere thought is hideous. Razor, avant! I'd not cut my throat for a thousand pounds. Shall I poison myself? What! die the death of a rat? Not I, thank you. That were descending in the scale of creation most scandalously. Then what a pretty account of my personal appearance there would be in the reports! The body of the unfortunate gentleman was blown up like a tun, and there were livid and pea-green spots all over his countenance. His right eye was drawn down to his mouth, and his left twisted up over his eye-brow. A pretty, pretty picture in truth! And just take up a sheet medically descriptive of poisons, with their effects, symptoms, &c. Gripping of the guts, burning of the stomach, parching of the throat, shivering of the sides, loiling out of the tongue, twisting of the mouth, and ten thousand other disagreeable abominations. Besides, you would, during the time of the operation, be wishing yourself all manner of ill wishes for being so great a goose, and praying the deed undone. Believe me, you would repent it sadly. If you were discovered, what a tumult there would be, and what a vehicle of all kinds of uncleanly draughts your unfortunate windpipe would be made. "Pour down a tureen full of melted butter," one fellow would exclaim—pour it down without a moment's delay." "If it be an alkali poison he has swallowed," another would put in his word "neutralize it with an acid."—All my life long, I hated this jargon of the chemists. "Give him tartarized antimony," would be the cry of a third. "Nothing in the whole world is so efficacious in such misfortunes," a fourth would exclaim, as the tincture of poliphosphoric acid." [N. B. This fellow would be a quack doctor, who had taken out a patent for the tincture—a composition of brandy and tobacco-water.] In Japan, a gentleman, when he falls into disgrace at court, has the privilege of taking a sword and ripping out his bowels. What is to be thought of that? Cato of Utica did the same.

What Cato did and Addison approved can not be wrong! said Eustace Budgett, and flung himself over the side of a wherry into the Thames, with a couple of nine pound balls in his coat pockets. It was rather a queer way, after all, of imitating Cato. If I had written these lines, I should have done what the old Uricanian did *au pied de la lettre*. But, in good truth, I have no such notion. Fought I a man to die with his puddings out, like the foolish two-

headed giant deluded by Jack-the-giant-killer. I never approved of Cato's principles, having been all my life a Tory, who, if I had breathed the vital air in the days of Julius Caesar, would have voted for him through thick and thin. I therefore do not find myself at all bound to follow Cato's practice. As for the Japanese, there is nobody in these parts of the world that I know of bound to follow their example, excepting Robert Warren, of No. 30, Strand.—He may embowel himself, if he likes—I shall not.

Hanging is obviously not even to be named. It does not accord with a gentleman's ideas.—I have always lived independent, and have no fancy for dying dependent on any thing. A man is a long time in suspense. I hate your *pas seul* upon nothing, and never wish to earn thirteen pence half penny by such a plebeian occupation particularly when executed upon myself. I do not see, moreover, but it would be an unfair and coaching kind of intrusion on the office of the King's final magistrate. Sheriff Laurie—I beg his pardon—Sir Peter Laurie would have just cause of indignation against me, if I were to cheat this new drop of its legal right to turn off all pensive people within his bailiwicks of London and Middlesex. There must be a great many disagreeable sensations about being hanged.—I knew a man once, who had escaped the gallows after being turned off, and he told me that you felt as if a lump of something edible stuck in your gullet, while you were at the same time knocked with a chuck down an interminable precipice. Then you saw all kind of flashing fire before your eyes, and after you were at rest, a flaming bolt appeared to enter each of the soles of your feet, and to make way up rapidly but gradually to your pericranium. Who could feel pleasure in a posture of this kind? Your neck attitude, too, is mighty unseemly. Look at the picture of Lord Coleraine, heretofore George Hanger, in the second page of his Memoirs, or of old Isaac Walton, in the present exhibition at Somerset house, and you will see how awkward a crack-in-the-neck-like position it is. Why Wainwright thought proper to exhibit old Isaac just after being hanged, I do not know, and firmly believe that he has no warrant for it in any biography of the old piscator; but look at No. 268, in the above exhibition, and you will see him there evidently with the wry-neck twist of the gallows about him. In a word, I do not choose to be strung up. Hang puppies and highwaymen with all my heart.

Drown myself? The sun is shining bright on the Thames, as I see it from one of my windows in the temple. It looks tempting.

"Says she my dear, the wind sets fair, And you may have the tide."

So sung Katharine Hays a hundred years ago— but sing not I. There are many grave objections to drowning a man's self.—First, you are choaked with water, and I never could prevail on myself to swallow as much as a half pint of that liquid.

"Had Neptune when first he took charge of the sea, Been as wise, or at least been as merry as we, He'd have thought better on't and instead of his brine, Would have filled the vast ocean with generous wine."

In that case there might have been a difference in my ideas; but water—and Thames water too—the thought is intolerable. If you succeed what a neat article you are when you are found. In nine days I am told, a body inevitably rises—and how does it rise? A colony of prawns and shrimps have fastened themselves on you, and are making free with your person, in the most gourmand fashion. A crab has eaten out your eyes—a cod is fastening his sounds in the drums of your ears—and a turbot has revenged himself for all the liberties you have taken with his tribe, by making your face as flat as his own spine. As one of our poets—I forget his name—says on a similar occasion—

"The perch did perch between his ribs; the sole, Sole reveller, feasted on his nibbled jowl; The place was placed where'er he pleased; the pike, Shouldered itself, yet lay levelled in act to strike, A maiden sought his hand, but sooth to say, The amorous maiden was a maiden ray," &c.

I never could agree with old Demonax in Lucian, that it is merely an act of gratitude to the fishes to let them eat you, after you have eaten so many of them. Then, too, there are many chances of your not succeeding. There is the whole body of the Humane Society, including Alexander of Russia, regularly leagued and bonded to pull people out of the vasty deep no-les volentes.—How awkward you would look on awaking, to find yourself stretched out upon a table, with a fellow puffing a bellows into your very nostrils, or rubbing you with a hot cloth!

As for jumping off the monument, "like Levi, the Jew," (Rejected Addresses, hem!) or any other height, that is quite out of the question. I get giddy even looking out of a three pair of stairs window; how odious to my nerves it must be, therefore, to jump from one?—Poor Levi, I understand, after he was fairly off, made a grasp with his hand back again at the balustrade of the Monument. How must he have felt during that second, when perfectly conscious of the entire desperation of his case! I shudder to think of it just now, and am obliged to shut the window through mere nervousness. And when you are down what a pretty looking lump of smash

and abomination! You are lying on the ground like a lump of bloody mortar prepared for fishing the front of the house of some Ogre-like king of Dahomey.

Nor would starvation at all agree with me. I fasted one day on a pound of beef and a half quartern, and I could have cried when evening came on. Oh, no! wherever, or however I die, let me go out of the world with a full stomach.—When a man is hungry, hideous and beggarly ideas are apt to get into his head, and he cannot see his way clearly before him. A windy vapor rises from the stomach, which fills the mind with odious chimeras. I never could stand it. All my firmly fixed resolves on death, if I were to attempt it that way, would be knocked up by the smell on the first cook's shop, or the distant prospect of an Alderman, waddling up Fleet-street. It is impossible.

Well, then, shall I stab myself *more majorem*? Die in a Roman fashion, sheathing a dagger on my bosom like Lucretia, or falling on my sword like Brutus. It would be something pathetic and romantic. I am afraid, however, that the days of pathos and romance are most considerably gone by. To confess the fact honestly, I do not think I could muster up courage to dive a long spit of cold steel into my breast; and as to falling on my sword, in the first place I have not a sword to fall on, and it would be quite absurd to buy one for such a purpose; and, in the second place, if I had one, I am perfectly certain that I should miss it, or make some other fatal blunder—or rather some blunder which would not be fatal—if I attempted to fling myself on it. Then how like an unfortunate gaby I should look.

Let me cogitate for a short while. I have dismissed, as impracticable, shooting, throat-cutting, poisoning, unbewailing, hanging, drowning, tumbling, starving, stabbing. What remains? Softly awhile. My uncle Nicholas used always to say, that many a man killed himself by drinking—and my uncle Nicholas was a man of observation. Perhaps that would be an easy, comfortable, cosy kind of way of doing the business, after all, without tumult or stuff. However, I have no idea of doing it at a glass, and going before a coroner, stretched upon a door, smelling like a rum cask, and open to the opprobrious verdict of "Died by excessive drinking." That is evidently low. I, on the contrary, shall try my uncle's prediction of such suicide being slow but sure, were right, and if it poisons me, let it operate on me like a slow poison—

"So glides the meteor through the sky, And spreads along a guided train, But who its short-lived beauties die, Dissolve to common air again."

Is not that very pretty and very poetic? Here, then, Anthony, get you down to the Rainbow, and fetch me a stoup of liquor, as the Gravedigger in Hamlet has it. I am bent on death.

SUGAR PLANTATIONS IN CUBA.—The cane is a jointed reed, terminating in blades, or leaves, whose edges are finely serrated. When ripe, its color inclines to yellow. It is filled with a soft, pithy substance, abounding in juice, which, coming from the fresh cane, is very delicious. The distance between the joints of the cane varies from two to five inches; and its average diameter is about three fourths of an inch. The common height of the cane is from five to seven feet.

It is cultivated by laying short pieces—usually the tops—horizontally in holes or trenches, and covering them with earth about two inches deep. In a few days the young sprouts appear, and, as they grow, earth is gradually drawn around them. Precisely the same attention is needed by the cane, that is given to Indian corn. The season for planting is the autumnal months, and the cane is ripe for the mill in about a year and a quarter. A single planting answers for several years.

So much nutriment is contained in the juice of the cane, and so freely it is drank during the harvest, that although the poor slave then works very hard—often I fear much too hard—at no time of the year does he look so well or enjoy better health.

The ripest cane is of course cut first, but only enough from day to day to supply the demand. The mill, in which it is ground, consists of three upright, iron plated cylinders, between 30 and 40 inches in length, and from 20 to 25 in diameter. The power is applied to the middle cylinder, which moves the other two. A slave standing in front, thrusts the cane between the middle cylinder and the one at the right; and another slave, on the other side, sends it back between the middle cylinder and the one at the left, by which time the juice is pretty thoroughly expressed. This is conveyed into the boiling house, along a wooden gutter lined with lead, where it is received into what is termed the clarifier. Here the temperature of the liquor is raised nearly, but not quite, to boiling heat; a small quantity of quicklime is thrown in, which is supposed to take up some vegetable acids, that prevent the granulation of the sugar; and the impurities, rising to the surface, are skimmed off. The juice is then removed to a boiler, and, as the evaporation proceeds, through a series of boilers, until it acquires the consistency of syrup.

If muscovado, or the common brown sugar, is to be made, this syrup is then put into large,

shallow vessels, and is allowed to cool and granulate undisturbed; when it is placed in hogsheads, the bottoms of which are perforated with holes. Through these the molasses passes into a channel, that conveys it to a reservoir; and from thence often goes to a distillery, and is converted into rum. But I saw only one plantation, where muscovado sugar was made in considerable quantities. The general custom in Cuba, is to carry the process of refining further than this.

In the first place, the syrup is poured into a trough, and beaten while it is cooling. It is then put into conical earthen vessels, containing as much as a negro can carry, and having both ends open. That the molasses may be thoroughly carried off, these vessels are placed upon a frame, with their apex downward, and moist clay is spread over the top of the sugar. The water from the clay, filtering through the sugar, dilates the molasses, and carries it through the open apex, into a channel, formed like an inverted roof of a house, which transmits the whole to a reservoir. Sugar, thus purified, is, for an obvious reason denominated *clayed* sugar.

In general a gallon of juice will produce a pound of sugar; and an acre of cane will furnish from fifteen hundred weight to a ton; sometimes much more. The fields of cane, which fell under my observation, consist of from 200 to 400 acres each.—*Mish. Her.*

Lawyer and Blacksmith.—A shrewd son of Vulcan applied some time since to an eccentric attorney for advice respecting some legal transaction in which he was engaged. The attorney with promptitude, which is generally excited by a prospect of gain, gave the desired information, and then (as the blacksmith was a neighbor and had formerly been a domestic in his family) took the liberty to request his assistance in picking a lock of which he had lost the key. The blacksmith readily picked the lock, and shewed the attorney by his desire, how he might do in future on a similar occasion.

By some unaccountable association of ideas, the loss of the key, brought up to view in the attorney's mind, his want of a wife. He told his neighbor that during a long course of celibacy he found it very uncomfortable living alone, and, that if he could find a woman like his sister Betty (an old maid, that her charms should bloom to wither and decay,) he would venture upon wedlock. He added, that he should be obliged to him, if he would look out and endeavor to find a woman with properties of the before named Betty, and give him information of his search. The blacksmith promised he would and then departed.

A few months after, this limb of the law exhibited an account of two dollars against the blacksmith, for advice, and requested payment—it was refused—and the delinquent was summoned soon after to appear before a justice, and answer to the suit of the attorney. The blacksmith appeared and exhibited the following account which had been previously filed against the lawyer.

Mr. _____	To Mr. _____	Dr.
To picking a lock for him,		\$ 50
Shewing him how to pick one,		50
Horse hire, time, and trouble in a fruitless attempt to find a woman like his sister Betty,		1 00
		\$200

The attorney abashed, confounded and mortified at this procedure which exposed him to satire, and ridicule, and the defendant threatening that he would carry the matter before the Court of Common Pleas, was glad to discontinue the action, give up the debt and pay the costs of suit himself.

Among the various evils which stalk amid the various haunts of man, there is one demon of destruction, whose march, sure as time, impetuous as the cataract, and merciless as the grave, desolates the fairest valley of the universe and lays prostrate the noblest structure of creation. At his approach the towering wing of genius is paralyzed, the torch of reason becomes extinct, the fire of ambition expires the mile of philanthropy is lost in the clouds of conscious degradation, the rose of health is blighted, the lustre of the eye is dimmed and the flowers of domestic love, hope and joy, are withered forever. His name is intemperance. His followers are shame and remorse, poverty, disease, infamy and death. And does not man retreat with dismay from this dark, malignant and unpropitious enemy? Who would not avoid the exhalations of the Upas, or fly from the dreadful Semel of the Arabian desert? none, none in the universe! and yet, oh incalculable madness! how many with dauntless confidence embrace this demon of intemperance; this destroyer of all that is fair and lovely in the soul, this pestilence that walketh in darkness and wasteth at noonday! awake, oh man, from thy dangerous lethargy! thy senses are locked in a fearful charm, and thou smilest in thy slumber on the monster whose breath is consuming thee! Hast thou friends? Wilt thou doom them to mourn over the faded form, thy blighted mind, thy decayed energies?—Canst thou shroud the morning of their day with the evil of obscurity?—Canst thou smother the noble aspirations of their youth with disgrace and infamy?

PARIS, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1824.

ELECTION OF PRESIDENT.

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SCHOOLS. (continued.)

It will essentially aid the master, if he place his rules and regulations in a large, fair, *exemplary* hand in a conspicuous part of the house. All laws should be promulgated before punishment for violation is inflicted. Let every one, contemplating writings, be provided with the *best* of paper, quills and ink, rulers and plummetts. Borrowing and lending, in school, are worse than in a neighborhood. How often, in this enlightened land, a good woman exclaims, get what you can for the *butler*, that now brings almost nothing, and get some of the cheapest paper, that is good enough for the children to

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DOMESTIC ITEMS.

British Diplomatic Appointments.—George William Chard, Secretary to the embassy to the Court of the Netherlands, is appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to the King of Saxony. Charles Townsend Barnard, Esq., is appointed Secretary to the Saxony legation. Andrew Snape Douglass, Esq., Secretary to the embassy to the Netherlands, and is succeeded in the former appointment by Gibbs Crawford Antrobus, Esquire.—Lord Charles Murray died at Gastouni,

were better situated, had fired. But they demanded quarter; we fell on them and overpowered them. The Greek Albanians rallied; they opposed force to force. Weak efforts. Inder was among them; they were vanquished, though they dearly sold their lives.—We penetrated rapidly into the island, to effect

subject that we have no doubt

action with the other Turks. I was at the explosion of St. Nicolo. Five to six thousand Ottomans surrounded this fortress. Though destitute of artillery, my brave companions wished to give the assault; nothing abated their courage, not even the canister shot, poured from the castle, nor the brisk firing of the besieged. Two hours before the terrible catastrophe, an Ipsariot with a match in his hand advanced towards us. He was shot down by a thousand balls. A second succeeded to the same fate; a third appeared and perished in the same manner. What was our astonishment to see a fourth, a fifth, and even a sixth. Sublime devotion! Some moments after St. Nicolo blew up. Though one of the most distant, I was violently thrown down, and covered with earth. I got up an hour after, feeling as if I had been raised from the dead. It is generally believed in the Ottoman army that from three to four thousand Turks perished about this fortress. We afterwards learnt that the spot to which the six Greeks were advancing, was a vast subterranean powder magazine, which had done us so much injury by the explosion.

We learn from an European who visited Ipsara after its destruction, that there were telegraphs all about the island except at the spot where the landing was effected, so inaccessible was that place considered. For want of this telegraph they could not learn in season that the enemy were on the island.

Ipsara formerly bore the name of Psara.—Psaris in literal Greek, means a dry, uncultivated land, and it is probably to the dryness of its soil that it owes its ancient name. Ipsara had in ancient times a temple consecrated to Bacchus, on the same spot where is now found a monastery dedicated to the Virgin. Psara, says Strabo, is opposite the promontory Releum, sixty stadia from Scio. It is a rocky island of difficult access, and has a city bearing the same name. Psara changed its name to Psara, because a handful of men, wishing to shake the Turkish dominion, about a century since, took refuge on this rock. Fishing was their first and principal employment. They prospered, increased and multiplied. They always maintained among themselves that spirit of independence which in our times have raised them so much above other Greeks.

During the French Revolution, these hardy navigators threw themselves into the Mediterranean. They gave themselves up to smuggling, and acquired immense wealth. Before the Greek revolution the population of this island amounted to 6000 souls. At the time of its fall, Ipsara contained about twelve thousand.

A high chain of mountains running north and south, growing lower as it advances, divides the island. At the south east stood the city, and near it a safe port, large enough to contain about thirty ships. At the south west, about a mile from the island, is an islet called Anti Ipsara. At the north west is the creek where the first landing was effected. It is about 100 paces long and 50 wide, and is surrounded by very steep rocks. The mouth of this creek is separated into two equal parts by a rock, and it is only very small galleys that can enter it. In the interior of the island we found some acres of rock which several rich individuals had transformed into vineyards. The only trees which refreshed the Ipsariots when they left their city, were 150 fig trees, two jujubier trees and some pears. They had four wells, three of which were very deep and salt. The other placed near the city supplied the inhabitants; each house had also its cistern.

FROM LATE LONDON PAPERS.

An old lady in this town, of the age of eighty six, who had lost all her teeth several years ago, has, to the astonishment of her friends, cut six new teeth within these few months, and, as may be supposed, enjoys no small satisfaction at being able once more to bite a crust. But there is an old gentleman living not many doors from her, upwards of 97 years of age, who has not lost one of his teeth, and is able to crack the hardest sea-biscuit. What is still more remarkable, he can read and write without the aid of spectacles. About three years ago we took occasion to mention that there were six persons living within a few doors of each other, whose united ages amounted to 500 years, but the two above mentioned alone remain to tell adventures of the notable year of '45.—*Danfrus Journal.*

Capt. J. D. Cochrane, the indefatigable traveller, arrived at Bariloche on the 8th of August last.—He is on his way to South America, intending to explore or first the yet untravelled part of that country, and to ascend the Andes.

Quebec, November, 1.—The weather for nearly three weeks past has been the most variable we recollect. We have had but three whole fair days in that time, the others have been made of sunshine and of showers of rain and snow following close to each other, without, however, almost any frost.—Some of the Lorette Lilians, who usually go out at this period of the year on their hunting excursions, after getting as far as the upper part of St. Anne River, about 20 leagues distant, were obliged to return on the 17th ult. the snow being then knee deep.

The shock of an earthquake was very sensibly felt in different parts of this city on Thursday night last about 12 o'clock. It was a pretty violent one, and in the Lower Town its effects on a house in Mountain-st. were such, that the house appeared suddenly to descend 2 or 3 inches, and then settle down with a tremendous motion, and a general cracking of the beams and the floors, a noise sufficiently appalling at this dead hour of the night.

From the Baltimore American.

Iturbide.—We acknowledged last week the receipt of a statement, in Spanish, detailing the incidents connected with the landing and subsequent execution of the ex-emperor of Mexico in the territory of that Republic in July last. The indisposition of the gentlemen who politely undertook the translation of the statement has delayed its publication until today. So little has as yet appeared in print on this subject that we have no doubt, the relation will be

pursued with interest, coming, as it does, from one of the ex-emperor's household, and an eye witness to the circumstances detailed. It is entitled—

A simple but true relation of the arrival of Iturbide at Mexico, and of the motives which brought him from Europe.

Iturbide was called to London by many powerful reasons; and by the most important to the Mexican nation—believing that his presence was the only means of uniting the many divided opinions, and organizing an army which could oppose the invasion which Spain would probably attempt as soon as Ferdinand 7th would be re-established in the plenitude of his power, by the assistance of France and other nations. Iturbide was of this opinion, in relation to the expected invasion, and was desirous of assisting his country, even at the sacrifice of all that was dear to him; he did not hesitate a moment. He sent for his family, then at Leghorn, and in the mean time busied himself in making the necessary preparations for his voyage, such as procuring a vessel, borrowing money, seeking for a fit person to conduct him to Mexico, and other arrangements.

As soon as his family arrived, he placed his six eldest sons at proper schools, and with his wife, his two youngest sons, two chaplains, a nephew, two strangers, (one of whom had before been in his service in Mexico) and four servants, he embarked at Leghorn, in the brig Spring on the 11th of May last.

On the 12th July, he arrived off the Bar of Soto la Marina, and was ignorant of the last determination of the Mexican Government respecting him, or in what light a communication had been received, addressed by him from London, under date of 13th of February, to the Mexican Congress, offering his services as a simple military man, should the nation deem them useful, and that for the furtherance of this object he had departed from Italy, in the month of November, 1823. He accordingly caused Lieutenant Colonel Don Charles Beneski to go to Soto la Marina and obtain information, charging him particularly to ascertain if General Don Felipe de la Garra, was in that province, as he had left him at his departure. This General was the first who, while Iturbide was Emperor in Mexico, proclaimed the republic in the province of Santander, but troops having marched against him, he abandoned those who had followed him and presented himself to Iturbide, who pardoned him, spared his life, and reinstated him in his honors and employ. For this generous action, no doubt, Iturbide thought that Garra would be grateful, and protect his landing and subsequent operations. But no, he acted a different part.

Beneski returned on the morning of the 15th, without having discovered how much Iturbide was in danger, but bringing favorable information to Iturbide, which, added to the knowledge that Garra commanded in that quarter, made him determine to land the same evening, being attended only by this stranger. He instructed the other persons who remained on board, attached to him, to hold themselves in readiness to follow as soon as they would be ordered so to do. They proceeded for the first town, where they were to take horses, and Beneski set about procuring them. Iturbide remained in the boat near the river side, with his face covered to his nose with his handkerchief, a disguise which he used, because he wished to present himself before Garra by surprise, and until then, not to be recognised. This circumstance, however, called the attention of the people, who were struck with his appearance, and among those who drew near to see him, was a merchant of Durango, who knew him, and recognised him as he mounted on horseback. He immediately informed the Alcald, who sent four soldiers who followed Iturbide to a small town called Los Arroyos, where he intended to pass the day, and proceed by night to Soto la Marina. The soldiers remained quiet and said nothing in his presence. Several communications as to what was going on, had been sent to Garra, and in the evening of the 16th, the General (Garra) with two adjutants and 8 soldiers arrived at the place where Iturbide was. They embraced each other, and after a secret conference they all set out for the town of Soto la Marina where they arrived on the morning of the 17th; Iturbide and Beneski were immediately put in prison, and at 12 o'clock that day one of Garra's adjutants came and announced to them the sentence of death agreeably to the decree of proscription which Congress passed the very day that they received and read his exposition of 13th of February. He informed them that at 3 o'clock that afternoon it would be executed. Iturbide requested that three days should be allowed him, to arrange his family and other concerns; notwithstanding, that before he left the brig he had made some dispositions, in the event of his dying before he could join his friends.

As Garra wished to save Iturbide's life he set forth, that the law which condemned him to death, ought not to attain him, if he were ignorant of its existence, and therefore ordered that they should set out for Padilla, where the National Congress was assembled, confiding that this circumstance would be taken into consideration. They therefore set out with an escort of about one hundred militia (there being no regular troops) at three o'clock in the afternoon, and without stopping they travelled until the morning of the 28th, during which time Iturbide and Garra had together frequent and long conferences, the object of which no doubt was, that Garra should call a meeting of the officers, put them under the command of Iturbide, and make a strong harangue to the troops, exhorting them to follow the only person who could save the country and make them happy. They all agreed to this, and Garra returned to Soto la Marina with the intention of making

the necessary arrangements for the new operations. But on his arrival there he received letters from the inhabitants, complaining and disapproving of his conduct, which determined him to return immediately to the place where Iturbide was.

Iturbide had proceeded towards Padilla, and on his approach to that city sent an officer to the President of the Congress, begging him to call a meeting of that body, and, soliciting him in the name of his country, to listen to the powerful reasons which had induced him to return to Mexico, assuring him of his determination to obey the will of the nation without any restriction whatsoever.

While waiting for an answer to this communication, Garra approached him, and said it would only be necessary for him to enter as a prisoner until he could speak to the Congress. To this Iturbide consented, and at eight o'clock on the morning of the 19th they entered Padilla. If there was put under a guard of twenty men and an officer, and conducted to one of the first houses of the town. Garra went to the Congress where were assembled the seven voters who then composed that body. He dwelt with much force on the reasons which ought to save Iturbide—stating as the principal one, that on coming ashore, he knew nothing of the decree, which, was the only one against him, and that he ought to be allowed to embark again with his family under the obligation of not returning to the territory of the republic. But this body composed of men not the most enlightened and only lately placed in such high stations, being desirous, like Eros, to hand their names down to posterity, would give no other decision but that he must die agreeably to the act of Congress; and this they resolved without being able to answer the powerful arguments of Garra.

Obstinate, and determined not to listen to reason, they imperiously ordered Garra to have him shot the same afternoon, and he retired to give the necessary orders.

While Garra was addressing Congress, Iturbide was busied in writing a third exposition to the General Congress of Mexico, in which he recapitulated the many services he had rendered the nation, since he had proclaimed the independence at Ygula, with a long examination of his public conduct, in which he could not perceive what atrocious crime he could have committed to deserve the punishment of death. This memorial was not sent to Congress, and at five o'clock in the afternoon, the sentence of death was intimated to Iturbide for the second time, and that it would be executed (as it really was) at six o'clock or after sunset.

To put this sentence in execution, the hundred men from Soto la Marina and about fifty more who were in Padilla, were formed on the public place, and a platoon of twenty men, under an adjutant, conducted Iturbide to the place of execution. As he was taken from the house where he was confined, he requested that he might be permitted to be seen by the people, and he appeared to look eagerly around him. He asked how many were to fire at him, and being informed four, he said they were few, and requested, that three more might be added. He then asked for the place where he was to be shot. There were no preparations made, and he went to the spot, asked for a handkerchief and bound his eyes himself. They next proceeded to tie his hands, but this he at first resisted, until being informed that compliance would be enforced if he did not willingly grant it; he then permitted himself to be bound, and proceeded to the place of execution. There addressing himself to the soldiers, he spoke thus—"Mexicans, at the very moment of dying I recommend to you to love your country, and to observe our holy religion; these will conduct you to glory. I die for having come to help you and I die happy because I die among you. I die with honor, and not as a traitor. That stain will not rest upon my sons and their descendants. I am no traitor. Be subordinate and obedient to your chiefs in executing what they and God may command. I do not say this from vanity, for I am far from being vain." Having said this, he knelt down and raising his voice he said "I pardon all my enemies with all my heart." He had hardly uttered these words when the soldiers taking aim, discharged their muskets, and Iturbide died.

His body was then conveyed to the same house where he had been detained and on the 26th, buried in an uncovered church, even without the ceremony of a coffin as is customary.

His wife and those who accompanied him, have been forever expelled from the territory of the republic. A pension of 8000 dollars has been granted to the first, and she has come to the United States of North America, from whence she intends shortly to go to Colombia, where she is to enjoy her pension.

RECIPES.

For Weak Sight.—Beat up a drachm of alum in the white of an egg, and smear the eye-lid with the mixture every night.

Treatment of the Piles.—For this very disagreeable and inconvenient disorder, it will be necessary to take gentle laxative and purgative medicines; as sulphur, cream of tartar, and confection of senna; but the patient must avoid drastic purgatives, and above all doses in any shape. The following, called sulphur confection, will be found to be perhaps the best medicine that can be prescribed for this complaint.—Mix together in a glass of marble mortar half an ounce of sulphur, two ounces of confection of senna, three drachms of saltpetre in powder, and as much syrup of orange as will give the whole a proper consistence. One or two drachms of this, or a piece of the size of a nutmeg, is to be taken twice or thrice a day, so as to keep the bowels open.

To remove Chloasma.—Take an ounce of white copperas, dissolved in a quart of water, and occasionally apply it to the affected parts. This will ultimately remove the most obstinate blains. N. B. This application must be used before they break, otherwise it will do injury.

For Burns and Scalds.—Mr. Clephorn, a brewer in Edinburgh, has treated burns and scalds with success, by applying, in the first place, vinegar, until the pain abates; secondly, an emollient poultice; and thirdly, as soon as any secretion of matter or watery fluid appears, by covering the sore with powdered chalk.

For small Cuts and Wounds.—Moisten a piece of lint with a saturated solution of copal gum in ether, and apply over the injured part. Moisten it once or twice a day, by pouring a sufficient quantity over it without removing the lint. If it be a cut, care should be taken to bring the edges together, when the application from its sticking quality will keep them in that state. A bandage may also be applied; but when the mischief is not extensive, it is unnecessary.

Indian cure for the Ear-ache.—Take a piece of the lean of mutton, about the size of a large walnut, put it into the fire, and burn it for some time, till it becomes reduced almost to a cinder; then put into a piece of clean rag, and squeeze it until some moisture is expressed, which must be dropped into the ear as hot as the patient can bear it.

To prevent the Tooth-ache.—Rub well the teeth and gums with a hard tooth brush, using the flour of sulphur as a tooth-powder every night on going to bed—and if it is done after dinner it will be best; this is an excellent preservative to the teeth, and void of any unpleasant smell.

To make the Teeth white.—A mixture of honey with the purest charcoal will prove an admirable cleanser.

To sweeten the Breath.—Take two ounces of Terra Japonica; half an ounce of sugar-candy, both in powder. Grind one drachm of the best ambergris with ten grains of pure musk; and dissolve a quarter of an ounce of clean gum tragacanth in two ounces of orange-flower water. Mix all together, so as to form a paste, which roll into pieces of the thickness of a straw. Cut these into pieces, and lay them in clean paper. This is an excellent perfume for those whose breath is disagreeable.

A remedy for Corns.—Roast a clove of garlic on a live coal, or in hot ashes; apply it to the corn, and fasten it on with a piece of cloth, the moment before going to bed. It softens the core to such a degree, that it loosens and wholly removes the corn in two or three days, however inveterate; afterwards wash the foot with warm water; in a little time the indurated skin, that forms the horny tunic of the corn, will disappear, and leave the part as clean and smooth as if it had never been attacked by any disorder. It is right to renew the application two or three times in twenty-four hours.

MARRIED.

In this town, on Sunday evening last, by Rev. J. Hooper, Mr. Zenas Maxim, to Miss Polly S. Brett. In Haverhill, Mass. Mr. Abijah Wyman Thayer, "Editor and Proprietor" of the Independent Statesman, and Maine Republican, of Portland, to Miss Susan Bradley, of Andover.

DEATHS.

In this town, Mr. Leonard Pratt. In Livermore, very suddenly, Mr. Joseph Morrill. In Waterford, on the 9th inst. very suddenly, Mrs. Mary Brown, consort of Mr. Thaddeus B. aged 59 years. (Editors of newspapers in Boston are respectfully requested to insert the above.)

At his house, in Fitzwilliam-square, Dublin, on the 19th of October, 1823, aged 61, THOMAS PENN GASKELL, of Shannagarry, in the County of Cork, Esquire. "This gentleman was heir-general of the celebrated legislator, William Penn, being, through his mother, sole representative of Springett Penn, Esq. only son of that distinguished character, by his first wife, Guilietta Maria, daughter and sole heiress of Sir Herbert Springett, who gloriously fell at the siege of Banbury, in the cause of the royal martyr. His estate in the county of Cork, Mr. Gaskell inherited by lineal succession from his illustrious ancestors, Vice-Admiral Sir Wm. Penn, to whom it had been granted by the Protector Cromwell, to whom he was allied through their common consanguinity with the ancient and renowned house of Hampden. The present house of Pennsylvania descends from the founder's second marriage with Hannah Callowhill. The present pretenders to this feudal dominion, as co-agents, are the Hon. John Penn, representing the senior, and the Hon. Wm. Penn, as representing the junior branch."

Another correspondent says: "After being engaged forty years in a suit in the Irish Chancery, and expending upwards of £50,000, he obtained a decree to possess the estate granted to Admiral Penn, who captured the island of Jamaica, during the Commonwealth, and afterwards was knighted by King Charles II. His only son was the founder of Pennsylvania, and in the year 1672 he married Guilietta Maria Springett, the daughter and co-heir of Sir Herbert Springett, Bart. from whom the deceased was lineally descended. He married in the year 1704 a daughter of the Dowager Countess of Glandore, who lived but a few years; they had only one son, who died an infant. After so much affliction, he retired from the world, and lived a very secluded life."

AUCTION.

OXFORD, ss. TAKEN by execution and will be sold at Public Auction on the twenty-fifth of December next, at the dwelling house of ABIGAIL OSGOOD, in Fryeburg in said county, at one o'clock in the afternoon, all the right which CALEB WARREN has to redeem the following described mortgaged real estate, viz: certain tracts or parcels of Land, situate in Denmark, in said County, numbered forty, forty-two, fifty-two, and fifty-five near the foot of Pleasant Mountain.—Also, Lot numbered one, second part on which said Warren's barn stands, and Lot numbered three on which his house formerly stood.—The above named Lots are estimated to contain four hundred and forty-five acres, be the same more or less.

Said described real estate is mortgaged to secure the payment of two hundred seventy one dollars and five cents—as appears by said Warren's mortgage deed to Oliver Griswold and James Weston, dated December first eighteen hundred and eighteen.

Terms made known at the time and place of sale. A. McILLAN, Deputy Sheriff. Fryeburg, November 20th 1824.

JUST RECEIVED,

AND for sale at the Oxford Bookstore—Bozot's Arithmetic, translated from the French, for the use of schools. This work is said to be superior to any Arithmetic of its size extant.

Also—Ingersoll's Grammar; Murray's Grammar, simplified—by Fisk—which makes the study much more easy both for instructors and scholars. Boyer's French and English Dictionary; Ancient English Poetry, &c. &c. Nov. 25.

WINCHELL'S WATTS.

For Sale at the Oxford Bookstore, Watt's Hymns and Hymns: arranged for the use of the Baptist Churches, by James M. Winchell.

Also—Smith and Jones's Hymns; Springer's ditto. These books contain many of those hymns which are sung at prayer meetings and lectures.

POETRY.

ODE TO LA FAYETTE.

On the occasion of his visit to this Country, August, 1824.
BY GRENVILLE MELLE.

CHIEF of the mighty heart! all hail!
How art thou wafted on!
Loud FREEDOM thundering on the gale
A nation's choral song!
Oh! it is well to such as THOU,
Our world should bend its iron knee
To whom its thanks belong:
What nobler homage hath it known,
Than when it bows to worth alone!

Oh! who hath seen an hour like thine,
Great PATRIOT of our land!
When all the hearts of all the clime,
Acknowledge thy command!
Foul were the traitor's spirit here,
Would mock thee with an icy tear,
Or with a nerveless hand—
No, when we greet that bounding soul,
Our own would feel its pulses roll!

Were not our Fathers proud of thee,
When thy bright years were young:
And love was left for Victory
When Beauty round thee clung!
And shall the children thankless gaze
Upon the Father of their days,
Whose patriot soul was wrung,
To win, in such a bold defence,
So splendid an inheritance!

Oh! may our land forget us—ere
With such remembrance by,
We should so soulless linger here,
Or so ignobly die!

The meaneast heart that God has form'd
Innot by such high memories storm'd
Sees no redemption nigh;
It dies—as basest things have died,
On the black earth to which it was allied.

There is a virtue in thy fame,
The charm of patriot eyes;
Out-glorying each less holy name
In peerless sacrifice!

The home—the hope—the prayers—the tears,
The ocean storm—the toil of years,
A cold world's injuries:
Oh! who could such a host forget,
Save thy unbroken soul, FAYETTE!

The Roman, when he sought the bome
For which his blood was given,
Found still but hard imperial Rome,
In his triumphal heaven—
The hands and helms that battled on,
Thro' all the stormy Marathon,
From noble Greece were driven—
But oh! the pride that crowns thy years,
The triumph of a nation's tears!

This is the monarchy of soul!
Above the power of Kings,
As high as those far lights that roll,
Above Earth's dimmer things!

Such godlike spirit has no peers
Among the wreck of lowlier spheres—
It floats on bolder wings!
Oh! whose besides thy star shall shine—
What splendor now can cope with thine!

There is a roar upon the wave,
The thunder of our joy;
O'er THEE, the ardent, young and brave,
The glorious patriot boy,
Who sprang upon our iron shore,
To bathe his virgin blade in gore,
To conquer and destroy
Long years have pass'd above thy brow
Thou com'st the hoary warrior now!

Young hands are clasp'd before thy form,
In innocence and prayer;
And age, that bore with thee the storm,
Comes in his snowy hair;
And tears are wept—and palms are wrung,
And silence palsies the poor tongue—
The soul alone is there!

Oh! ask not why the tear drop starts—
What can contain the tide of hearts!
Thy way is thro' the joyous ranks
Of millions of the free;
Oh! how unlike those coward* Franks
Who would dishonor thee!

The shrinking billows of thy shore
As conscious of a curse they bore,
Went backward to the sea!
But here, the tongues of all the waves
Roar "welcome" o'er our foemen's graves!

Then welcome! our immortal son,
To Freedom's heavenly ground,
Fair hands—bright beings wave thee on,
And shower their roses round!
Oh! what had ancient conquerors done,
To grasp the triumph thou hast won,
The glory thou hast found!

Go forth! as great as thou art good!
Thine, is an empire's gratitude!

*The treatment of La Fayette, on his departure from America, from Havre, was dishonorable and outrageous in the extreme. From all accounts, the man, as well as the military, was intent upon expressing his malice, in the most ungenerous way, towards this noble republican. [See extracts from Foreign Journals of the day.]

†It is said, the tide was going out at the time of the embarkation, and the Cadmus was obliged to haul off into the Roads; La Fayette was consequently obliged to go on board a boat, leaving the landing place covered with a murmuring rabble, and a parcel of gens d'armes and bayonets. [See extracts, &c.]

TO FARMERS.

CHEAP METHOD OF FATTENING CATTLE.

By Nathan Lendon, of Litchfield, Connecticut.

There is a way to fatten cattle, in the absence of the common means, scarcely inferior to the best, as the following instances will prove. I fattened an ox and a three year old heifer, the winter past, without either corn or potatoes for less expense than even that of common keeping, by a preparation of cut straw, &c. as follows: I boiled about two quarts of flax-seed and sprinkled on to cut straw, which had been previously scalded and seasoned with salt, together with some oil cake and oat meal, working the mixture together in a tub with a short pitchfork till the whole became an oily mush. I fattened the heifer first. She was of the common size, and in good order to winter. I gave her about three pecks which she ate voraciously in the course of four days, when the seed was gone, and was visibly affected. I fed her

regularly in this way about two months, in which time she had eaten about one hundred quarts of boiled flax-seed with other ingredients in proportion—when she was butchered she weighed 584 pounds, 84 pounds of which was tallow. She would not have sold, before fattening, for more than sixteen dollars—I sold two quarters of her for \$18 13. She cost me no more than \$10, exclusive of the hay she ate, which was chiefly scalded as the above. On the first of February I began with the ox. I fed him about three months, but not altogether as well as I did the heifer. He digested about a pint of boiled flax-seed a day prepared as above, which I supposed formed half the fat in these two cattle. The ox was short, measured 7 feet 2 inches, and when killed weighed 1032 pounds, and had 180 pounds of tallow. He cost me when fattening, 25 cents a day—he had previously cost me 35. My neat gain in fattening these two cattle was more than all I have cleared before in fattening oxen, and cows, in 15 years, and this is owing, I think, chiefly to the use of flax-seed. I never fattened cattle that appeared so calm, so hearty, and digested all their fare with so much natural ease and regularity as these. I would therefore recommend the above preparation to the attention of the farmers as a substitute for corn. I keep my cows on it alone in the month of March for one third the expense of hay. It makes rich milk and excellent butter. Farmers! by a proper attention to economy, one half of your corn may be saved, to produce abundance in the land, and your garners shall overflow with oil and fatness. I shall pursue this method of feeding, and endeavor to improve it, and I trust I shall be enabled to say the half has not been told.

Vegetable Productions.—It is remarkable that this country does not produce one useful vegetable which it can call its own; we have imported every thing of the kind, from the luxurious Pine, down to the humble Potatoe. The following list of the earth's productions, with the countries from which they originally came, may perhaps be new and interesting to such of our readers as have not considered the subject:—Rye and Wheat were first imported from Tary and Siberia, where they are yet indigenous; Barley and Oats, unknown; but certainly not in Britain, because we are obliged to cultivate them; Asparagus was first imported from Asia; Cresses from Crete; Cauliflowers from Cyprus; Chervil from Italy; Cabbage and Lettuce from Holland; Fennel from the Canary Islands; Garlic from the East; Gourds from Astrachan; Horse-radish from China; Kidney-beans from the East Indies; Lentil from France; Potatoe from Brazil; Rice from Ethiopia; Shalot from Siberia; Tobacco from America; Sugar was originally brought from India, by the introduction of the plant *Saccharum officinarum*.—"Arabia," says Pliny, "produces Saccharon, but the best is in India. It is a honey collected from the reeds; a sort of white gum, brittle between the teeth; the largest pieces do not exceed the size of a hazel nut, and are only used in medicine." Sugar was first made from these reeds in Egypt; from thence the plant was carried into Sicily, which, in the 12th century, supplied many parts of Europe with that commodity, and from thence, at a period unknown, it was probably brought into Spain by the Moors. From Spain it was planted in the Canary Islands, and in the Madeiras, by the Portuguese. This happened about the year 1500. Afterwards the reed was carried to St. Domingo, and to the Island of Hispaniola; about the year 1623, into the Brazils. Sugar was then a most expensive luxury, and used only in feasts, or for medical purposes. Nor are we less indebted to other and distant countries for our finest flowers. The Jessamin came from the East Indies; the Tulip from Cappadocia; the Daffodil from Italy; the Lily from Syria; the Tube Rose from Java and Ceylon; the Carnation and Pink from Italy—to which may be added the Elder Tree, imported from Persia; and many others might be mentioned. —London paper.

QUERIES.

Q. Pray tell me, ladies, if you can,
Who is that highly favored man,
Who, though he's married many a wife,
May still live single all his life?
A. A Clergyman.

What is that which makes every body sick but those who swallow it? Flattery.
Why is a bachelor like an old almarac? Because he is out of season.
Why is a homely girl like a blacksmith's leather apron? Because she keeps off sparks.
Why is a handsome woman like a patent printing press? Because she makes a strong impression.
What word is that—the two first letters of which is a male, the three first a female, the four first a great man, and the whole a great woman? Heroine.

MORALITY.

Charity.—Reader! without doubt thou hast often wept for the sorrows of the unhappy, and often sighed for their relief; and tears and sighs avail not, while the hand of Charity is closed to their wants. Has Providence been bountiful and blessed you with fortune and friends? Show the sincerity of your gratitude by your bountiful distribution of happiness and comfort to the needy and distressed; then shall your moulder ashes rest in peace.

Sympathy.—How sweet is the exercise of sacred affections! They are balm, which, mingled in the bitter cup of grief, allays its harshness and subdues its venom. No human being can be perfectly miserable so long as he can enjoy the sympathy of one kindred soul.
"Could we draw back the covering of the tomb—could we see what those are now who once were mortal—Oh! how would it surprise and grieve us to behold the transformation that has taken place on every individual—grieve us to see the dishonor done to our nature in general, within these subterranean lodgments—here the sweet and winning aspect, that wore perpetually an attracting smile, grins horribly—a naked ghastly grin. The eye that outshone the diamond's lustre, and glanced its lovely lightning in

to the most guarded heart—alas! where is it? Where shall we find the rolling sparkler? How are all those radiant glories totally eclipsed? That tongue that once commanded all the charms of harmony, and all the powers of eloquence, in this strange land hath forgot its cunning.—Where, where are the strains of melody which ravished our ears? Where is the flow of persuasion, which carried captive our judgment? The great master of language and of song is become silent as the night which surrounds him."

AMUSEMENT.

Equity.—A gentleman travelling in a gig in the vicinity of London, in coming to a turnpike, stopped for a ticket, and while the gate keeper was procuring it, he threw the toll money down in the road. The gate keeper, with great coolness, immediately took it up, and placed the ticket on the same spot, which the gentleman perceiving, and being anxious to proceed on his journey, requested him to take it up; but turning on his heels, he said, "No, master, where I receive my money there I always leave my receipt;" and immediately left the gentleman to get out of the gig and take it up himself.

Short Comments.—At a shop window in the Strand, there appears the following notice:—"Wanted two apprentices, who shall be treated as one of the family."

Anti-Chimney.—Mr. H***, the professor of Chemistry in the University of Dublin, who was more remarkable for the clearness of his intellect than the purity of his eloquence, advertised in one of his lectures to the celebrated Dr. Boyle, of whose talents he spoke with the highest veneration, and thus concluded his eulogy:—"He was a great man," said the professor—"a very great man. He was the father of chemistry, gentlemen—and brother of the Earl of Cork."

Many Germans, it is well known by all who are conversant with their pronunciation, substitute the sound of *d* for that of *t*. A gentleman from Leipzig being asked how old he was, replied, "I am *duety* (30) and when asked the name of his wife, he answered *duety-two* (32.)

A Scalp more useful than a Wreath of Laurel.—An honest Pat being on an expedition against the Indians in our late war, having lost that which Shakespeare says, time can never restore, when occasioned by a course of nature, namely, the hair—had supplied the want of it by wearing a wig. The party to which he belonged being surprised by a party of Indians, were put to flight—Poor Pat in endeavoring to make his escape, had the misfortune to fall down, and was soon overtaken by a nimble footed savage, who applied the scalping knife to his head, and bore off what he took to be Pat's scalp. The party to which Pat belonged having rallied, drove the Indians in turn; and were not a little surprised to see their old friend approaching them with his bald pate. When he came near, one and all began to console with him for the loss of his scalp—When Pat replied, "be easy my jewels, the devil a scalp did he get of mine, the text took my old red wig, and much good may it do him, for by my shawl it will never suit his complexion."

Two Paddies met one morning, one of which, the night before, had lost his wife; "Oh Jammy," said he, "how hard are the dealings of Providence towards me in taking away my *dare* wife by death; yours is left to comfort you—but mine, alas, is no more!" "Hold, hold," replied Jammy, don't break your poor heart about that *dare* woman, I'll *scap* even wid you now, 'an you will."

A German literatus has discovered that the word in Hebrew which is commonly translated *rib*—more properly signifies *tongue*, and consequently that Eve was taken out of Adam's *tongue*.

A Proper Charge.—A person being brought before a Justice for some trivial misdemeanor, in the course of his examination, discharged no small number of oaths at the Justice, Clerk &c.—"Before I commit you to prison," said the Justice, "I shall charge you a shilling for each of your oaths." *Charge me* said the culprit;—"d—n me, sir—I would have you to know I am a gentleman." "Are you so?" inquired the Justice;—"why then, sir, I charge you accordingly—five shillings each."

A gentleman seeing the town-crier of Bristol, one market day, standing unemployed, asked him the reason. "Oh," replied he, "I can't cry to day, my wife is dead!"

Etymology.—"Why are doctors called *physicians*, mamma?" said a little inquisitive girl to her mother, who had just been visited by one of them. "Physicians," (replied Mamma, who was seldom at a loss for an answer) comes from *fee-tek*, as the doctors ride about all day to seek fees."

Miss Wilberforce.—When Mr. Wilberforce was a candidate for Hull, his sister, an amiable and witty young lady, offered the compliment of a new gown to the wives of those freemen who voted for her brother; on which she was saluted with a cry of "Miss Wilberforce *forever*?" when she pleasantly observed, "I thank you, gentlemen—but I cannot agree with you, for really, I don't wish to be Miss Wilberforce *forever*."

A little man observed, that he had two negative qualifications; which were, that he never lay long in bed, or wanted a great coat.

HORACE SEAVER,

Chambers over No's. 1 and 3, Mitchell's Buildings, PORTLAND, (Entrance at No. 2.)

HAS JUST RECEIVED, on consignment, a large assortment of

American, English, French, and India

GOODS—such as:

Bales brown SHIRTING and SHEETING;
Do. Bleached do. do;
Do. Washington TICKING;
Do. Northridge and Wrentham do;
Do. PLAIDS, STRIPES and CHECKS;
Do. Cotton YARN, all numbers;
Do. BATTING, for Comforters;
70 Pieces SATINETTS, blue, drab and mix'd;
50 do. BROADCLOTHS and CASSIMERES;
50 do. FLANNELS, assorted colors;
150 do. BOMBAZETS, assorted colors, fig'd and plain;
100 do. American CALICOES;
200 do. English do.
do. 4-4 French do.

German and Flag Handkerchiefs.—Cotton Flage, and Madras do; Merino, silk and cotton Shawls; Black, blue and green silk Velvet; Black fig'd Velvet and silk Vesting; Valencia do; Caroline Plaids; Black sewing Silk; Boxes Gauze; Fig'd, Plaid, and Taffeta Ribbons; Galoons; 100 Gross Fancy Silk Buttons; Black, Sarsnets; Green Florence; Black, Drab and Green Levantines; Pearl Striped and Fig'd Gros de Naples; Sewing Cottons, all numbers and colors; Boxes Cotton Balls; Knitting Cottons; 300 Gross Glass and Metal Buttons; Writing, Wrapping, Printing, Sheathing and Bonnet Paper; Binder's and Bandbox Boards; Looking Glasses; Men's Women's and Children's Morocco and Leather SHOES; which will be sold at such prices as cannot fail to please.

Oct. 30.

STEPHEN EMERY,

Counsellor and Attorney at Law,

HAS RESUMED his Office at Paris, County of Oxford. Business entrusted to his care, will receive his best attention. Nov. 11.

Notice.

ALL persons indebted to the subscriber are notified, that his demands are lodged in the Office of ENOCH LINCOLN, Esq. for collection, and will be sued, if not soon paid. JOHN WOODBURY. Paris, Nov. 11, 1824.

Notice.

PERSONS indebted for the carding of wool, at the Mill, called Cummings's Mill, are requested to settle the same with ENOCH LINCOLN, with whom the demands are lodged at present for their accommodation. Paris, Nov. 11, 1824.

COLLEGE LANDS.

FOR SALE, by the subscriber, the following lots of LAND, belonging to Harvard College, viz:

IN FAYETBURG.		
Lot 44,	1st Division,	53 acres.
" 22,	2nd do.	54 do.
" 10,	3d do.	50 do.
" 18,	5th do.	about 75 do.
IN LIVERMORE.		
Lot 70, 100 acres.	Lot 149, 100 acres.	
IN REYFORD.		
Lot 16,	1st Division,	80 acres.
" 38,	2nd do.	100 do.
" 47,	3d do.	148 do.
IN JAY.		
Lot 8,	13th range,	100 acres.
IN BETHEL.		
Lot 19,	9th range,	100 acres.
" 19,	10th "	100 "

PRENTISS MELLE, Agent. Portland, Nov. 1, 1824.

Sheriff's Sale.

TAKEN by Execution and will be sold at Public Vendue, on the twenty-fifth day of December next, at one o'clock P.M. at the store of JACOB EVANS, in Fryeburg—all the right which OLIVER GUNWOLD and JAMES WESTON have to redeem the following described mortgaged real estate, to wit: certain tracts or parcels of land situated in Denmark, in said County, numbered forty, forty-two, fifty-two and fifty-five. Also, Lot No. 1, 2nd part and, Lot No. 3, together with the buildings thereon. The above named Lots are estimated to contain about four hundred and forty-five acres, be the same more or less. Said described real estate is mortgaged to secure the payment of two hundred seventy-one dollars and five cents, as appears by mortgage deed dated December first, 1818, which mortgage remains unpaid. ANDREW McMILLAN, Deputy Sheriff. Fryeburg, November 12, 1824.

Sheriff's Sale.

OXFORD, N. TAKEN on Execution and to be sold at Public Auction on Monday the twentieth day of December next, at ten o'clock in the afternoon, at the dwelling house of William Morse, Jun. Inn-holder in Waterford, is said County, all the right in equity of redemption which ROBERT HASKINS has in and to the following described mortgaged Real Estate, lying and being in Waterford in said County, and bounded as follows, viz: beginning at a certain stake and stones standing on the southerly side of the road one rod east of the line of said road fifteen rods, to a stake and stones thence running south twenty-five degrees east forty-three rods, to land owned by Josiah Dudley; thence running a westerly course on said Dudley's line fifty-four rods, to a stake and stones; from thence to the first mentioned bounds. Said piece of land contains by estimation, four acres and five square rods, be the same more or less. The above described real estate mortgaged to the Trustees of Bridgton Academy to secure the payment of fifty dollars and interest—At per record of said mortgage deed, Book 6th, page 141, and 142. The interest on said fifty dollars has been paid up to about this time. DAVID POTTER, Deputy Sheriff. Waterford, Nov. 10, 1824.

School Books & Stationary.

JUST RECEIVED, and for sale at the OXFORD BOOKSTORE, a good assortment of School Books, used in this section of the State, among which are Perry's, Walker's and Johnson's Dictionary; Pike's, Adams's, Walker's, Coburn's and Kinne's Arithmetic; Murray's Large and small Grammar; Chesman's Grammar; English Reader; American Preceptor; Art of Reading; Museum; Columbian Reader; Student's Companion; Evangelical Instructor; Pleasing Instructor; American Speaker; Historical Reader; Columbian Orator; Enfield's Speaker; Scott's Lessons; History of the United States; School Testaments; Morse's, Cummings's, Adams's and Woodbridge's Geography, and Atlas; Parish's Geography; Butler's Compend of History; Whelpley's ditto; Pike's, Perry's, Webster's and Goodale's Spelling Book; Cyphering Books; Writing ditto; Quills; Inkstands; Inkpowder; Slates and Pencils; Copy Slips, &c. &c. The above Books, with many others used in Schools, are constantly kept on hand, and sold at very low prices, both at wholesale and retail, for cash, clean cotton and linen RAGS or undoubted credit.

FOR SALE AS ABOVE,

The Northern, Village, Temple, and Wesleyan Harmony; Bridgewater Collection and Hallowell Collection of Sacred Music. They will be sold cheap to singing societies or individuals. Oct. 11.

Anderson's Cough Drops.

JUST RECEIVED and for sale at the OXFORD BOOKSTORE, Anderson's Celebrated COUGH DROPS. They are a most valuable medicine for the cure of coughs and consumptions.

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Vol. I.

FROM "LIGHTS AND SHADOWS."

BLIND ALL.

ALLAN BRUCE and FANNY respect remarkable among the residents of the village in which they both bore a fair reputation and they were both beloved by friends and relations. He was sober and industrious—exemplary ties of private life—possessed virtues becoming his humble station by any of those gross times deform the character; was modest, good tempered, religious—and much in contemplation. Beauty she was not—nor did she attract attention; charm resides in pure heart, and simplicity of manner. Fanny Raburn, while they were about her face or figure, seemed even beautiful in her simplicity. These two humble and betrothed in marriage. The insensibly grown without a heart that lived daily in each other's love, and true; they by its strength to make any other's sakes; and, had death parted them before the wedding might not perhaps have been in grief, or visited the grave with nightly lamentations, but that grief would have been sincere, faithful would memory have been ages of the past.

Their marriage day was Bruce had rented a small cottage sloping down to the stream that gave life to the village. Thither, in about was to take his sweet and affectionate wife to work with her needle and be in the fields. No change in their lives, but a change to happiness; and if God protect possession of health, and bright children, they feared not to be living, and to afford sunshine and living flowers that might comfort the heart. Such thoughts visited lovers, and they were becoming dearer to one another every day closer to their marriage.

At this time Allan began to miss in his sight, of which much notice, attributing it to the brought on by the severity of the For he had toiled late and weathers, and at every kind of sum sufficient to furnish respect dwelling, and also to array his wedding clothes of which she was ashamed.—The dimness, and ceasing day, darkened and deepened. Fanny's face was indistinct to him, and he lost altogether the light that brighten it whenever he looked upon her. Then he became sad and fearful of blindness fell upon him of his steps being led in his hand of a child. He prayed this calamity from him; but upon him the virtue of resignation of the different blind men who and as far as he knew they were that belief pacified his soul, to give way to a passionate morning at sunrise when the flowers of spring seemed more dim before his eyes, he felt himself more resigned to that final day's blessed light, which he looked doom before the earth was covered with flowers and fragrance of June.

It was as he had feared: a new stone blind. Fanny's ways been sweet to his ear, sweeter still when he heard it. Sweet had been the kisses from Fanny's lips, while his eyes were so fresh. But sweeter when they touched his eyes, when his cheeks her fast trickles visited him in his father's home with her gently guiding hand cent fields, and down along the he said he liked to hear murmur then they talked together and on their knees prayed to them what to do in their distress.

These meetings were always to them both, notwithstanding mournful thoughts with which necessarily attended; but to a yielded a support that did not his hours of uncompanioned love which had formerly been warmth of youth, and in the enjoyment, was now chastened sense of his unfortunate condition thereby a deep and devout en